

The Bee's Home Magazine Page

Where Are the Old-Fashioned Folks?

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Has the old-fashioned father begun to disappear?
Billy Sunday says the old-fashioned mother has gone, and Dr. Henry Newman, of the Brooklyn Ethical Culture society, supplements Mr. Sunday's statement by saying that the father has lost the old ideas and that he depends too much upon the mother for the training of the children.

I wonder if these things are true, both of them, and if the fact that they are true is the reason that the old-fashioned and the old-fashioned son are disappearing, too?

For they are; there's no doubt of that, not a doubt in the world.

Where's the old-fashioned son who started out at eighteen to make his own living and send home a dollar or so to help his mother get a new cultivator for the forty acres of the old wood lot?

Going to college, of course, and joining fraternities, and spending more money in a month than his father spends in a year.

Where's the same boy at 27? Spending his summers at the seashore and his autumns in the mountains and his springs in Florida and his winters leaving the new dances and telling his mother what she really must do to get his sister into really smart society.

Where's the sister, who ought to be the old-fashioned daughter?

At home, making angel cake for mama's tea parties? On the piazza embroidering dollies for Aunt Susie's birthday? In the garden cutting roses for the table? Upstairs mending father's socks? Downstairs pressing out brother's neckties?

Not at all.
She's in college, too, learning all about Socrates and Plato, and higher mathematics and the difference between astrology and astronomy.

Oh, she's out of college; she's in a settlement somewhere showing somebody else's mother how to keep house and telling her what to do when the baby has the croup and going down to the jail to bail somebody's sister's fiancé out, so he'll be able to go to the settlement.

Or, if she isn't in a settlement, she has a studio somewhere and is leading the literary life of painting pictures or planning suffrage parades; anywhere, doing anything, so she won't have to stay at home.

Brother is the only youthful member of the family who stays at home now-days.

Mother is delighted.
She loves to have brother at home, where she can lean on him, and she's so proud of the way he dresses and she just simply can't get over it to think that he's really her own whenever he makes a pretty little talk at an afternoon tea.

And she likes to have her daughter "taking her place in the van of progress" and to tell her daughter in the leader in the "forward and upward movement," she doesn't quite see how daughter can be so much interested in the queer people she seems to know, but, on the whole, she takes a vicarious pleasure in daughter's wide activities, and in, as a general thing, breathlessly delighted with both son and daughter—and herself.

The only one of the family she doesn't quite approve of is father.

Father is so mercenary, so humdrum, so reactionary.

Why, he don't even know what you mean when you say that a thing is bourgeois, and as for "sabotage," he never even heard of it. She and her son are a good deal embarrassed over father's attitude toward the world in which they live.

Father is puzzled, and sometimes he'd be old-fashioned, plain American mad about it all if he dared.

But what's the use?

The old-fashioned father! There isn't any!

He's gone out with the old-fashioned mother who made jelly and had chicken salad for Sunday night lunch, and thought it was important to remember which sort of tartar father preferred and whether he liked the dressing in the turkey made with oysters or with chestnuts.

The old-fashioned mother has gone out with the old-fashioned son, who wouldn't let a man light a cigar in the presence of his mother and who would ask a man to jump off the roof as telling a risqué story to his own sister.

The old-fashioned sister has gone out, too. She tells risqué stories herself and the language she uses when she's excited about a "cause" would make an old-fashioned brother sit up nights to worry over her.

I wonder if the old-fashioned father and mother, who brought up their old-fashioned families in the old-fashioned way, really did some rather good work in the world after all?

Spring and Winter

"Youth Must Be Servéd"

Copyright, 1915, Intern'l News Service.

By Nell Brinkley



Spring, with her sweet rain-washed eyes, snaps her finger in white old Winter's face and trills a mocking little laugh in his fierd old eyes. And old Winter, drawing his white samite robe about his meager shoulders,

shakes his fearsome white mane at her and grumbles, "Go slow, young woman! I may nip the flower in your cheeks and blight the gold of your hair, and the early butterfly you sport on your latest hat (!) may shrivel

yet under my hoary-frost breath!"
But, oh! Spring; keep coming, honey, on your dancing feet. For we adore and need you!—NELL BRINKLEY.

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Author of
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Synopsis of Previous Chapters.
After the tragic death of John Amesbury, his prostrated wife, one of America's greatest beauties, dies. At her death, Prof. Stilliter, an agent of the interests, kidnaps the beautiful 3-year-old baby girl and brings her up in a paradise where she sees not man, but thinks she is taught by angels, who instruct her for her mission to reform the world. At the age of 18 she is suddenly thrust into the world, where agents of the interests are ready to pretend to find her.
The one to feel the loss of the little Amesbury girl most, after she had been spirited away by the interests, was Tommy Barclay.
Fifteen years later, Tommy goes to the Adirondacks. The interests are responsible for this trip. By accident he is the first to meet the little Amesbury girl, as she comes forth from her paradise as Celestia, the girl from heaven. Neither Tommy or Celestia recognize each other. Tommy finds it an easy matter to rescue Celestia from Prof. Stilliter, and they hide in the mountains, later they are pursued by Stilliter and escape to an island, where they spend the night.

FOURTH EPISODE.

"You poor baby," he said, "you're dead tired. It's bed time."
He rose, a little roughly, and helped her to her feet.
When they reached the little hut, Tommy said:
"Now, you turn in there and make yourself comfy. Good night."
"Good night," she said, and went into the hut.
Tommy stood looking at the fire. He stood for quite a long time in a deep reverie. Celestia's voice brought him out of it.
"Aren't you coming?" she said.
He turned and looked her in the eyes. What was she? Was she the most innocent and guileless creature in the world, or was she something quite different?

Was he a chivalrous young man in her eyes, or simply an idiot? His heart suddenly began to beat hard and fast.
And toward that theatrical, beautiful, and entrancing figure in the door of the hut, all silver in the moonlight, he began to walk slowly.

In his hiding place close at hand, no word or motion had been lost on Prof. Stilliter. White with reluctance and antipathy, but strongly resolved, he rose on one knee, cocked his Winchester and aimed at the small of Tommy's back.
But Tommy stopped short with a kind of jerk, as a lethered animal stops when it comes to the end of its rope; for he saw clearly, and all in a moment, that it was not a woman who invited him to share the shelter of the hut, but a little child. He stopped short then and smiled as a boy smiles.

"Not room enough for two in there," he said. "But if you get frightened or want anything, just call. I'll head. And—good night."
It seemed darker when she had closed the door of the hut and no longer gazed in the fire light. Prof. Stilliter lowered his rifle with a suppressed sigh or relief and sank down among the bushes. And when Tommy, heartfully tired, had fallen into a sound sleep, he withdrew to a distance with his followers, and passed a night of supreme discomfort upon the hard ground. Celestia was safe in Tommy's care, and there was no use separating them before morning.
Celestia dreamed all night, not of that heaven from which she had so recently come, not of the wicked world she was to save, but of Tommy. Dreaming, it seemed like she was neither a child, nor maid, nor a goddess, but a young woman whose imagination had been strongly worked upon by a young man.

Bright and early she waked and stepped from the hut into the cold, still Adirondack dawn. Tommy, his feet to the fire that had almost died, still slept. She knelt by him and studied his face at leisure. Presently she touched his hand cautiously with the tip of her finger and found that it was cold. Then, happy as a child to be of service, she puts wood on the fire and blew the embers into flame. Still Tommy did not wake, and she knelt by him once more and, with a laugh, bowed her lovely head and kissed him.

Tommy was dreaming of her. She had promised to marry him as soon as she had killed the horrible dragon that lived under the hill. Tommy, after a desperate battle, in which he was armed only with a can-opener, had just succeeded in opening the dragon's jugular vein.

and was just rushing out from under the hill to claim his reward from the waiting Celestia, when she really kissed him, and he waked, and knew that he had been kissed.

His first words were of reproof.
"Celestia, dear," he said, "you mustn't do that."
"Mustn't kiss you?"
"Of course not."

Her great eyes assumed an injured look.

"In heaven," she said, "an angel always wakes me with a kiss."

Tommy was wide awake now.
"What kind of an angel?" he inquired with a kind of cold suspicion in his voice.
"Oh," she said, "any one that happened to pass by, and thought that I had slept long enough. But then Celestia liked to be kissed. Don't humans?"

"Yes," said Tommy, "sometimes I liked it. Only among us it's a sacred sort of thing, and grown-up humans reserve their kisses for celestial moods, or for children who are always rather heavenly." As he spoke, he began to prepare breakfast, and Celestia smiled upon him, but not as if she was very much interested in what he had said, or indeed understood it. Suddenly she said:

"I want to cook."
"You do, do you? Do you know how?"
"I've watched you."
Tommy rose with a laugh.
"Then you shall," he said, "and I'll have a swim to wake me up."
"A swim?"
"You do it in the water," said Tommy gravely, and he made swimming motions with his arms.

"Oh, but I'd rather swim, too, than cook," said Celestia, and she prepared to follow him. But Tommy shook his head.

"Somebody has to cook," he said, "and I was the first to think about swimming and so it would be selfish of you."
"You were nicer to me yesterday," said Celestia, and she turned with a little cry of astonishment to the kettle, which had just boiled over.

Tommy hurried away chuckling, and just before he came to the Narrow Island beach he stripped and hung his clothes on a tree-limb, and then he swung his arms about wildly like a cab driver, and leaped and ran up and down to get his circulation going, and then with an athlete's scorn of pain and cold he ran into the water until it was waist deep, and then dove.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

MR. ELBERT HUBBARD, prior to his departure for Europe on the Lusitania, prepared a series of articles for The Bee to be used in his absence. These articles will appear from day to day, added interest no doubt attaching to them owing to Mr. Hubbard's tragic death.

The Outsider Often the Man You Need

By ELBERT HUBBARD

When I was a farmer lad I noticed that whenever we bought a new cow and turned her in the pasture with the herd there was a general inclination on the part of the bunch to make the new cow

think she had landed in the orthodox penitentiary. They would hook her away from the stall, chase her from the water, and the long-horned ones for several weeks would lose no opportunity to give her vigorous digs, pokes and prods.

With horses it was quite the same. And I remember one particular little mare that we boys used to transfer from one pasture

to another just to see her back into a herd of horses and hear her hoofs play a resounding solo on their ribs as they gathered around to do her mischief.

Men are animals just as much as are cows, horses and pigs, and they manifest similar proclivities.

The introduction of a new man into an institution always causes a small panic of resentment, especially if he be a person of some power.

Even in schools and colleges the new teacher has to fight his way to overcome the opposition.

In the lumber camp the newcomer would do well to take the initiative, like that little black mare, and meet the first black look with a short-arm job.

But in a bank, department store or railroad office this cannot be done. So the next best thing is to endure, and win out by an attention to business to which the place is unaccustomed.

Unless he has the power to overawe everything the more uncomfortable will be his position, until gradually time smooths the way and new issues come

up for criticism, opposition and resentment, and he is forgotten.

The idea of civil service reform—promotion for the good man in your employ rather than hiring new ones—is a rule which looks well on paper, but is a fatal policy if carried out to the letter.

The business that is not progressive is sowing the seeds of its own dissolution. Life is a movement forward, and all things in nature that are not evolving into something better are preparing to return into their constituent elements.

One general rule for progress in big business concerns is the introduction of new blood. You must keep step with the business world. If you lag behind the outlaws that hang on the flanks of commerce will cut you out and take you captive, just as the wolves lie in wait for the sick cow of the plains.

To keep your columns marching you must introduce new methods, new inspiration, and seize upon the best that others have invented or discovered.

The great railroads of America have evolved together. No one of them has an appliance or a method that is much beyond the rest. If it were not for this interchange of men and ideas some railroads would still be using the link and pin, and snake-heads would be as common as in the year 1850.

The railroad manager who knows his business is ever on the lookout for excellence among his men, and he promotes those who give an undivided service. But, besides this, he hires a strong man occasionally from the outside and promotes him over everybody. Then out come the hammers.

But this makes but little difference to your competent manager. If a place is to be filled, and he has no one on his payroll big enough to fill it, he hires an outsider.

That is right and well for every one concerned. The new life of many a firm dates from the day they hired the new foreman.

Communities that intermarry raise a fine crop of scrubs and the result is the same in business ventures. One of America's largest concerns failed for a tidy sum of five millions or so a few years ago, just through a dogged policy that

extended over a period of fifty years, of promoting cousins, uncles and aunts, whose only claim of efficiency was that they had been on the pension roll for a long time. This way lies dry rot.

If you are a business man and have a position of responsibility to be filled look carefully among your old helpers for a man to promote. But if you haven't a man big enough to fill the place do not put in a little one for the sake of peace.

Go outside and find a man and hire him. Never mind the salary if he can sweat the pill; wages are always relative to earning power.

As for civil service rules—rules are made to be broken. And as for the long-horned ones who will attempt to make life miserable for your new employe, be patient with them. It is the privilege of everybody to do a reasonable amount of kicking, especially if the person has been a long time with one concern and has received many benefits.

But if at the last worst comes to worst do not forget that you yourself are at the head of the concern. If it falls you get the blame. And should the awful chorus become so persistent that there is danger of discord taking the place of harmony, stand by your new man, even though it is necessary to give the blue envelope to the antediluvians.

So, here is the argument: Promote your deserving men, but do not be afraid to hire a keen outsider. He helps everybody, even the kickers, by setting a pace. Also if you deintegrate and go down in defeat, the kickers will have to skirmish around for new jobs. Isn't that so?

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